



The Scarecrow



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Chapter 1 by Robert Hernandez

One fall night I was walking home from a dance. It was a night that everyone could remember because of the fun they were having. Then that very same night, I heard a noise from the cornfield. There was nothing that I heard, all I seen was a field of corn and a Scarecrow. The next morning I called my friend Courtney, all I told her over the phone that I heard a noise from last night and thats all. Then she told that she wanted me to take her to the place I was at so I did.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



Courtney was terrible excited about the noise. She couldn't stop asking me questions.

"Can you imitate the sound again?"

I did.

"How long did it last? Did it repeat? Could you tell where it was coming from?"

I mean, to me it was just a sound. A noise that seemed to come from this empty cornfield. Empty, except for the Scarecrow.

"Was the sound coming from the Scarecrow, Jamie?"

"Maybe, Courtney. It was hard to tell. I was a bit tipsy, it was late, the wind was rustling in the trees..."

"Tell me again what you think it sounded like."

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"Well, it sounded like... if I had to describe it, it was like a raspy voice, but wheezy. Trying to speak through a straw. It seemed to be saying..."

"-Yps?"

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"Join me. That was it. Join me."

Chapter 3 by intellikat



"Well, shit!" cried Courtney. "That's a bit goddamn scary! I don't want to go near that place after all!"

So we turned right around and instead went to the Haunted Graveyard(tm).

Chapter 4 by intellikat



But guess what? The Scarecrow had followed us. We didn't see him at first, but he climbed right down of that post and shimmied his way along after us. By the time we got to the graveyard, it was well past the witching hour. I went ahead and found a creepy looking gravestone in the middle of the yard, mounted it and began to dance.

"Ghost in the graveyard, ghost in the graveyard, can't catch me!" I taunted the devil's minions. Black crows descended from the night sky and a skeleton hand burst from the earth. Thirteen black cats scampered across the yard, and the Scarecrow danced a little jig. Wolves were assembling, and green phantasms became to cloud my vision.

We were in for a hectic night!

Chapter 5 by Robert Hernandez



While I was thinking, I though that the horror just began. All I remember was one night I look into my mirror and told myself that I was part of the scarecrow family. And then I told myself no it can't be true, I should have known this from the start. Then after I headed to the nearby Catholic Church and said, father why me how it be.

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